NO TIME TO LOVE.

A life with no time to loce!

How desolate?

No time to love?

God pitty it!

Oh! God, has the world forgot

That all in life worth having

Pray for (t) No time to love

Unbur 'en it! No time to love?

Watch o'er it!

Lighten its cares, oh! God, I pray;

A heart, with no time to love? Strange It is!

For some yearn tendorly For what it has not time to give

A tender, loving sympathy.

No time to love?

No time to love?

Death It is!

When it beats above,

Pathor, will that heart have time,

To join in all the blie-ful throng

RHETTA'S GARDEN.

It was only a little spot south of

the house, but violets blossomed there sooner than anywhere else,

and great bursting pinks made the

air spicy while other people's were

in the grassy border, and blue bells,

and blue spider lilies. There were

two rose bushes, one cinnamon and

gillyflowers sowed themselves and

came up every year along with mig-

little garden, which Rhetta's moth

of late, since they had taken a boarder. Ralph Callender found

that the pleasantest path to the

house lay through the little flower-

garden, and when his jobs of copy

ing failed to occupy his time, what

could be more natural than to use

his leisure helping the blushing

gardener! It was he who carried

away all the weeds, divided the

white peony roots and reset them.

and dug more thoroughly than

Rhetta ever could around the dear

old rose-bashes. Over their work

they fell talking, as young people

will, and already Rbetta's father

began to watch them a little anx

iously above his spectacles as he

sat on the porch, while one of the

neighbors had remarked privately

to Aunt Doreas that it was a pity

young Callender was not a man of

Is sweet communion, heart to heart

With love-returned for loving?

A mind, with no time to love!

No time to love?

Christ help tri

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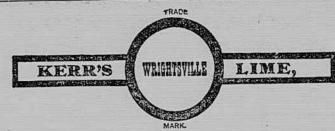
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SLOCOMB & AMES, (Big New Store,) Onancock, Va.

and will go, if low prices will move them. Call and see us and don't er had tended and taken pleasure

in, and now it was Rhetta's. There she worked all her spare half hours sowing and watering, weeding and transplanting, till her little hands were brown, and her cheeks like her own cinnamon roses. Aunt Doreas. in the kitchen, used to wonder "how on airth that child could be so content all alone out in her posy But Rhetta was not so often alone

fortune as well as of family. In truth, riches had taken unto themselves wings and flown away from the Callenders a year before

so that Ralph, instead of becoming junior partner in an old and pros perous business, saw nothing be fore him but what his two hands could earn, and being totally un-

prepared for such a prospect, he had to take a little time to get used to it, and to find out which way to turn. Meanwhile he had drifted to this suburban town, and waiting to find a situation as a clerk or accountant, did copying to support himself, and boarded at Rhet-

Fruit and Trucking lands, improved and unimproved of 60, 163, 225, 349 and 600 acres eligibly located on the line of the N. Y., P. & N. R. R, NOW for sale transplanting touch-me-nots, and Also, four sea-side farms with oysters, and wild fowl privileges unsurwhile Rhetta pulled the faded blos Ralph bad thrown himself down passed on easy terms.

And town lots for business men at the soms from a primrose. He might

new stations on the railroad constantly have been misanthrophic enough on hand at reasonable rates. Send for at that moment if he had chosen, for the last line of copy lay upon his table finished, with not so much as a hint of an order for any more. Worse than that, a clerk's place he had been hoping for had that very R. P. Bayley & Co., If he had got it, he could have spo

ken to Rhetta at once. His glance followed her as she bent over her plants, her garden bonnet dropping back from her bright brown hair, and his fingers sought instructively a little ring that hid in his vest pocket. The old Callender pride had come to this, that he only waited for the barest chance of being able to earn a living before he offered heart and hand to pretty Rhetta Wood, whose

bonny face was all her dowry. But he could not help letting love color his words a little when he said, presently, to Rhetta, as he watched her: "When I make my watched her: fortune, you shall have green hous es and bot beds, and gardens laid out on terraces."

"Like Colonel Porter's?" laughed Rhetta, blushing over her trowel "Oh! have you ever seen his place, Mr. Callender! It's over on the west side."

"I think I have passed it," answered the young man, indiffer ently. "Big trees, three terraces, ribbon beds, and a peacock on the lawn; is that the place?" "Yes, isn't it splendid!" exclaim

ed Rhetta. "I always go that way when I take a walk by myself; and ohl how I do long sometimes for the things I see the gardener throw ing away-slips and cuttings and roots that he thins out. Perfectly lovely things!" "Why don't you ask him for

"Ask him?" and Rhetta caught 302 S. WATER STS. her breath at the very idea of doing so andacions a thing. Why, I wouldn't d. re."

"Don't you know the mi-the him as so nebow her own. That family, I mean."

He was busy weaving a true-love tainty of that. The little bright insure a heavy crop of clover see t knot of grass blades, and when it was done he gave it to Rhetta. She blashed again over it, and went on Very probably she had lozed him tilized. talking about flowers.

I want a root of day-illy very much, and some tearose cuttings, and a with great hot tears springing to A farmer prepares soften here is Rose Porter now driving phaeton.

Isn't she lovely?" moved slowly by, a bright, presty to be capable of the terrible, tear face glanced from it, smiling cor less sorrow with which an older wod ally at Rhetta, and then was over- man may meet bereavement and spread by a look of sudden recogni- heart-break. She only knew that tion and pleased surprise at sight everything had changed since of Ralph Callender, who took his morning, that Ralph had gone away. hat off respectfully.

Rhetta, amazed.

"I find I do. She and my sister grass, the flowers were heavy with Sally became great friends two dew the air was full of the fra days or over night, but it is far to years ago at Newport-or was it grance of mignonnette, h diotrope valuable and expensive to be left Nahantf And Miss Porter spent and roses, but Ruetta did not heed the holidays at our house the next them. . She only felt that n ght was winter. I thought it must be she, kind to make such darkness and rains and dews. A canvas coverwhen you described her."

gazed reflectively at the ground .- erable little Rhetta Word, crying its cost. He was recalling that gay holiday for a lost happiness that had really season when Rose Porter and his never been hers. And now it seem sister were the belies of their set .- ed to her that Rose was cruel, from He could have counted his friends the midst of her wealth, her luxury "Poverty does make a difference," swooping down upon this one he thought, bitterly. All who had chance of bliss in a lifetime. For it in their power to aid him had Rhetta was sure that in all the years is much better and less expensive turned the cold shoulder. He was to come she should never, never than the trellis often used and to simply a poor man seeking employmarry. That was all over from which the plants have to be tied io this time forth. world.

pulled away the dead leaves from beeded; the moon rose, but she did a pink root and said nothing .- not know it. She was thinking how Newport! Nahant! And people she should live all her life long in like the Porters for intimate friends! the little old house. After awhile will be turned to fruit bearing rather the seemed to remove Ralph far her aunt Dorcas would die, and she er than to making useless leaves. from her quiet, even life, and to would be left alone with her father. When a melon sets, stop the growth set him where she had no part. Then after awhile he too would die,

seen returning down the street lonely woman. with its pretty occupant, who stop ped her ponies opposite the cot ed by the stopping of wheels, and judiciously, or it will result in harm tage with such an evident intention | cheerful voices at the gate. to speak to Ralph Callender that he at once went out of the garden body in joyous, manly tones and stood in the road at her side. She rose to her feet in the moon-Ruetta saw them shake hands in light, bewildered and uncertain.— Rose's musical laughter and sweet Ralph calling ber! ments more, to her surprise, Ralph | ment to the gate." old friend, you see!"

no comment, for Ralph had often basket, full of bloom and fragrance, been absent at that hour when which he made haste to deposit on seeking for employment. Rhetta the garden walk. of it with great interest. Aunt tings, all you wanted, you have Dorcas at once felt a great interest them now, and I'll set them every too, and Rhetta found it so trying one out for you. to listen to their remarks and sur. "Oh, how beautiful! how beautimises that she slipped out of the full murmured Rhetta, very sofily house to ber garden, and did hard and gently. She was wholly over weeding in her flower beds for two come by this strange ending of her hours without sparing herself. But | passionate grief. she heard every step that passed by on the sidewalk, and knew that the two lovers alone in the moon-

Ralph Catlender did not come. fresh gown, with pansies at her in his pocket. belt, hummed little songs as she Aunt Dorcas.

"I wouldn't put en that dish of you see whether he's coming." "Oh, he'll come," said Rhetta; but

she stopped singing, Mr. Wood came in, washed his face and hands at the sink and sat

down in his place at the table.-Aunt Dorcas passed him a cup of "Where's Callender?" he asked, looking around. "Why, haven't you head

sight of him since." his," said Rhetta, flushing up.

"Hum! hum!" muttered her father, as be drank his tea from the saucer, in which he had cooled it. Aunt Dorcas now questioned the girl as to all she knew about this old friendship, and at the close said, with the air of one who meant to do her duty by all, no matter how mercilessly: "Well, like as not tney'll make a match of it.—Birds of a feather flock together." "For the land Aunt Dorcas the lantern?"

Supper was over, cleared away, it grew dark, Mr. Wood strolled off via to chat with the neighbors, and heart. It seemed like days and Bazar, weeks since R dph drove away with smiling, pretty Rose Porter. And she herself had begun to think of

very morning, under that very tree, "No; how could I! Rose Porter there had been in his looks and in and I went to the same school, and his tones touches of tenderness mileh cows.

when she rides by and sees me she that had filled her heart with subtle bows and smiles; but that isn't be- happiness. But now it was all consume large quantities of inact ing acquainted. She is as beauti- over; in an instant she had lost him. ful as a Princess. It is time for her Rose Porter had taken him away. pests. to be at home now; she has been in and though he might come buck, ha would never, never be the same zers for peach trees. Washington all the sprin f." would never, never be the same Ralph Callender made no answer. Ralph again. She felt a girlish cer-

two years ago, and had been influ-"I wish I could get some slips of enced to give him up on account of Jersey and Ayrshire on these excel-

double Genoese violet; a blue salvia her eyes. "Only I never can drive posts as follows: Take boiled lintoo, and-Oh, Mr. Callender, look! after him and bring him back in a up the street in her pony pheaton. And at that she threw herself Isn't she lovely?" upon the dewy grass and wept un-

that she was very, very wretched, "Why, do you know her!" asked and that no one must know of it. The fire flies flashel in the

solitude in the garden that no one Ralph Callender paused and could see her or hear har, poor misthen by the hundred, and now- and her dozens of lovers, to come

The crickets hummed about her, Rhetta, grown suddenly shy, the nightmoths brushed by her un-The basket phaeton was now and she would live on there, an old

From this reverie she was arous-

"Rhetta! Rhetta!" shouted some

loaded upon her, while Colonel Por But when he did not come home ter's coachman, who had brought

did not mention that he drove "Everything is here," said Rulph, away with Rose Porter, but a neighbor, who had watched them, came lilies, the tea-rose bushes, and the in during the afternoon and spoke double violets. Roots, slips, cat-

The coachman departed, leaving

lit garden. Lovers they were, for The afternoon waned restlessly Ralph drew Rhetta close to his away. He would surely come back | heart, while he placed upon her finby supper-time; and Rhetta, in a ger the ring that had waited hidden while under ordinar, m-inagement "You know what this means dar

moved about setting the table for ling," he said, fervently. "My way is clear before me now. Colonel Porter has given me a chance in up so as to be nearly worthless. honey,"said Aunt Dorcas-"not till his own business, beyond anything how hard it has been for me to wait till I had a right to ask you to I dared to hope. You don't know

> always." Happy Rhetta! The moon ought to have laughed right out to see how her face had changed, it was so full now of smiles and blushes.

etable value. Aunt Doreas, hurrying home an hour later, eager to explain how said she had gone to sit awhile with Aunt Dorcas. "He drove off with poor old Mrs Davis, who had sciat-Rose Porter, and we haven't caught | ica, was taken all aback by hearing merry voices under the plum trees, down the avenue, and George was "The Porters are old friends of and finding Rhetta and R dph there showing her how much he knew. at work with trowels setting out roots and tying up plants.

> exclaimed Rhetta, triumphantly-"all this great basket full of loveli- thing horrid." ness and luxury, and we must set will get the dew."

"For the land sakes!" ejaculated straight ahead with all the indif-Aunt Doreas. "Don't you want terence he had in stock.

"Oh the moon is as bright as and all the dishes washed, but still day," said Ralph, as he paused to a shudder. Ralph Callender did not come. As choose a place for a fine blue sal-

Aunt Dorcas, putting on her bonnet claimed; and then as if she dimly worse." and black silk shawl, went to the comprehended that something in weekly prayer meeting. Rhetta the glammour of youth and romance left free from comment, went up in might make it a thing to be desirto her little garden, and leaned against the plum tree, with a hours, she said no more, but went strange dull pain guawing at her quietly into the house.—Harper's

Job Printing neatly executed.

Farm and Garden Notes. In dairy regions green rye is largely used as a forage crop for

Remember that tools in agar la

Hard wood ashes are counted. with the most profitable of fertili-

Large quantities of bumble bass as they are the chief agents through which the clover blossoms are fer-

F D. Curtis says that a cross of

Colonel Porter's geraniums," she said, "he has so many kinds, and I the step, had come to reclaim him. have only this little pink one. And "Well, I can take my turn, and it is of better quality than the and it is of better quality than the A farmer prepares soft-wood fence

> seed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Para coat of this over the timber to preserve it from rotting.
> All the refuse tops of vegetables are excellent for hens in confine. meut, especially if they are chopped into short pieces. The tops of

beets, carrots, parsnips and turnips

are tender and nonrishing, and will

not only make economical feeding but assist in promoting the health of the stock. Harvesting machinery is unwieldfor getting into barns on stormy unprotected. Iron parts rust and woodwork swells when exposed to ing to protect it at all times when

not in use will pay good interest on As soon as the tomato plant: blossom one or two stout stalk; should be driven down by then and the plants securely tied. This will keep the fruit out of the dirt, will make the vine more prolifi: and prevent rotting. A good stake

If the melon patch is running too much to vine pinch the ends of the growing shoots. Tals will cause sprouts to start nearer the root, er than to making useless leaves .a little beyond it, to concentrate the sap as much as possible on the

Watering plants must be done rather than good. Water should be at least as warm as the air, and if slightly warmer all the better .-It ought to be applied in the evening, and if there is no mulch the most friendly manner, heard Was she dreaming, or was it realy around the plant scrape away some voice, though she could not disting. "Rhetta is that you under the tering. Another good way is to loose soil and replace it after wauish the words; and in a few mo plum treef Come bere for a mo-make deep holes near the plant stepped into the phaeton, sat down Yes, that was Ralph calling her. With a crowbar and nit these with by Rose, took the reins in his hands and drove rapidly away, with a backward glance and smile, which to Rhetta seemed to say: "She is an arms filled with flowers, which he are the arms filled with flowers which he are the arms filled with flowe

will rise by capillary attraction, Most kinds of insects find their to dinner she thought it strange.— him home, was almost staggering favorite food by smell. Any pow-Her father and aunt Dorcas made under the weight of an immense erful odor is therefore a preventitive of their attacks, not perhaps because it repels them, but merely because it throws them off the scent. Acting on this hint, a farmer who had a lot of cabbage plants mixed some land plaster with a small quantity of spirits of turpentime. He left it several weeks, turning it over and over until eve-

ry particle was scented. Then a lit-

tle was sprinkled once or twice a

week on the cabbage plants, and

the white butterfly that lays the

eggs missed them entirely, while

other plants in the neighborhood not so treated were overrun. Where cows are varded at night in summer they will make a good deal of manure during that season, much of this is wasted. If the yard is not well bedded liquid excrement is soon dissipated in the hot sun, while the solid portions are dried The manare from a cow during the season is well worth \$1 per month be my own little Rhetta, always- a sum to be wasted, especially as the manure thus lost may make the difference between successful and more to the farmer than its mark-

Wasn't Afraid.

George and Mabel were walking

"Yes," he said, "science is constantly making some new discov-"Rose Porter sent me all these!" ery. Now there's the tyrotoxicon." ery. Now there's the tyrotoxicon." what is that? It must be some-

"It is. It's a terrible microba them every one out tonight, because that gets through your entire synight is the best time, and they tem. It is caught by eating ice cream," and here George looked

> "What kind of disease does it give your she inquired, suppressing

"I don't know exactly, but I should think it was something like "Well! well!" the old lady ex- the smallpox, only a great deal She didn't speak for two or three

> on his arm, and said in a low voice: "George." "What is it dearest?" "I have been vaccinated."

minutes. Then she laid her hand

In George's humble estimation the tyrotoxicon is the biggest fail-

ure on record.

PRACTICAL